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CALEB CLARK,
BEN FRANKLIN PRINTING HOUSE,
Cincinnati, O.
For the Organ of the Temperance Reform.

Poetry.

From the Canadian Son of Temperance.
Down with the Liquor Traffic.
Ye friends of Temperance through the land,
United in one glorious band,
Come out like men, be free and bold,
And say no liquor shall be sold:
Down with the liquor traffic.

Let all, from Gaspé to Sandwich port,
From Owen's Sound to Erie's fort,
Unite in heart, unite in hand,
To banish liquor from our land:
Down with the liquor traffic.

Moral suasion has long been tried,
And is by all the wise decreed;
And other means we now must try
To free our land, then let us try
Down with the liquor traffic.

We see its evils every day,
From rum poles stuck in each highway,
Our fellow mortals to betray;
Then Temperance men united say,
Down with the liquor traffic.

Let all our actions suit the word,
And 't' echo far and wide be heard;
'Petitions spread and names procure'
By thousands, then are we brothers sure
To stop the liquor traffic.

A YOUNG SON.

Selected Tale.

THE GOLD MAN.

I have sometimes regretted that the discovery of the metallic riches of California did not occur during my wild excursions in the woods and prairies of Texas. I was then little more than a boy, and having been one of a party which started overland from Galveston to New York, only prevented by a wound in my foot, I should certainly have started off to the diggings, viz. Santa Fé, in the Rocky Mountains, as the case might be. Not that I should have gone gold hunting, it is not my vocation. Not having a very clearly defined notion of the relative value of a sovereign and a shilling, I should scarcely have gone poking about like a geologist for the quartz imbedded metal, nor should I have coveted the position of a man whose whole day is spent in groping in the earth, with wondrous nature around and the blue sky above, to admire. Besides, I am afflicted by weak sight, a hereditary complaint which descends to me from my father, and like the Bayard Taylor donkey, which mistook a Yankee speculator's red hair for swamp hat, should have lived in contented apprehension mistaking bright stones for gold, and hill-side flowers for rich veins.

But I should like much to have started with the first settlers and miners, to have shared their traveling adventures, their hairbreadth escapes, and wondrous and exciting trials, and practically to have let them discern at a future period that a 'chief' had been among them taking notes. The first burst of the golden rumor reached me in Paris, and fell coldly on my ear. I had been five years away from Texas, and over head and ears in the excitement of the European revolutions, and for changes almost hourly occurring in that city of wonders, which Frenchmen fondly indicate to be the capital of the world, a place, the site of which, in the ideas of warm patriots, seem to have a great power of locomotion.

My interest in every thing American, however, caused me to watch with interest, after a while, the phases of the great event which is destined to have such a vast influence on the future of the whole civilized world—for evil, if the mad hunt for mere lucre check the advance of enlightenment, the only thing which enables us rightly to use temporal advantages. For some time, however, my attention was only attracted like that of all men, who watch the history of their own time. It is only within a very short time that the affair has taken a more personal and immediate interest.

My head quarters in Europe have for some time been Paris, a city for which I have a weakness. During the autumn of last year, I received a ticket for a rail to which no persons were admitted except in naval uniform. It was far cheaper than any other, and I originally declined going, a party of English ladies, however, whom I knew, wished to attend, and requested me to escort them. I resolved magnanimously to change my previous resolution and be present. My first difficulty was a uniform. I had no inclination to have a suit made for the occasion, and I had a decided objection to hiring one from a masquerade shop. Suddenly I recollected that I had a relic of my cradle life in Texas, in the shape of a coat of war, but it was old and the worst for wear, but it was genuine, and could on a pinch, be burnt up to pass muster for a night. Accordingly, on the evening in question I found myself under the covered way leading to the Jardin d'Hiver, a party of ladies under my guidance, waiting for a crowd of persons before me to pass ere I

brave the crush. My friends had just announced to me that the moment was at hand.

about to turn away when my eye was arrested by the sight of a young man wearing precisely the same dress as myself, only perfectly new, who, leaping out of the dashing crowd, gave his arm to a young lady of great beauty, and followed in my track. I had scarcely time to notice his own start of unfeigned astonishment at the sight of a Texas navy coat, and then I was compelled to enter the precincts of the gay and brilliant scene.

But already had I forgotten this ball; my mind was carried back several years, to another ball given in Galveston harbor, on board a dismantled brig, by a set of joyous, thoughtless young officers, whose doubtful prospects of a next day's dinner rendered them not a whit less merry. For my own part, I had long ceased to think of my privations and sufferings in Texas, to remember only its bright side, and I answered the admiring remarks of my companions but carelessly, as I lived over once more in memory, days which are always pleasant when past, especially when belonging to our first essays in manhood. My friends sat down in a convenient spot, and I left them a while to look after my strange soiree. He, too, was alone; he also had left his female companion, and was evidently in search of me.

"Impossible," cried he, "no, it cannot be."
"Walter Bruce," exclaimed I, as I recognized a quondam lieutenant of the San Berdo schooner.
"Well," said he, "I expect this is extraordinary and pleasant too. We parted on the deck of the New York steamer, bound from Galveston to New Orleans, and here we meet in Paris, to all appearance in the identical clothes we wore on that day."

I passed my arm through his, scarcely able to speak, and we moved along a few yards in silence.

"What are you doing here?" he said, after a short pause. "Quill driving, I suppose. I have been told you have written considerable yarns about Texas since you returned to Europe."
"Yes, my dear fellow," replied I, "I am now an author. That is my business, profession or calling; and you?"
"Oh, I! Why I've been to California since I saw you, and I am now on the lookout for a place in old Europe, where to pick my rent."

But come along, I must introduce you to my wife. I have often talked of you to her. You recollect that MS. volume of mine, which I scribbled on board the Jim Bowie, and which you corrected and revised for me. She has them. But here she is."

I was then hastily introduced to a very lovely young woman, about twenty years of age, whose peculiar complexion and hair at once pronounced her to be a Mexican of the mixed race of Spaniards and Indians. She received me with the frank heartiness of her nation, and when I alluded to my not being alone, she proposed to join my party. This was readily agreed upon, and as my adventures in Texas have always, I fear, to the sorrow of some patient friends, formed an endless topic of conversation, the union proved interesting and very agreeable. The fair haired and blue-eyed English girl, who composed the juvenile sequel of my companions, formed a pleasing contrast to the Mexican beauty, and the rest of the evening was spent in company.

Next morning I found myself at the breakfast table of Walter Bruce, who occupied splendid apartments looking out on a fashionable boulevard. All around him bespoke opulence and wealth; his servants, his residence, his equipages, were all in a style of almost oriental splendor, and I could not refrain from remarking on the wonderful change in his fortunes which had taken place since the day when we lived in a state of semi-starvation on board the old guard ship in the port of Galveston.

He smiled, and promised to explain the whole affair to me, even at the risk of appearing in print. "For," said he, "if I do narrate my adventures you will not be able to resist the temptation."

After breakfast we drew our chairs near the fire, smoked the pipe of peace, which more than any thing else carried me back to my old life, and while Mrs. Bruce went out to make some calls, frankly did my ex-comrade in danger and difficulty relate his adventures and history.

When Walter Bruce left me, he was on his way to join two vessels of the Texas republic, lying in New Orleans harbor, which had been ordered down to Sinal, to assist the republic of Yucatan against the parent state of Mexico. It would require more space than I can here devote to the subject, to narrate all my friend's adventures until he found himself one fine morning transferred from the deck of a man-of-war to the counting house of a merchant of Vera Cruz, a change which, however glorious it may sound, was really very advantageous.

Bruce had originally been educated for the bar, as had I, and like myself abandoned quiet life to wander in Texas, carried away by the details of his heroic struggle with Mexico. But an American is generally fit for any thing, and Walter Bruce soon captivated the confidence of Messrs Morris and Franklin, his employers. They had counters in the city of Mexico, at Mazatlan, and traded with California, whence they drew hides and tallow, the very humble but useful products of that gold-exporting region.

Twenty years has inhabited California. In this

ly urges us to send some one to him, in whom we have confidence, to wind up his accounts, and to receive from him some deposit of which he speaks in terms of considerable ambiguity. I have determined to acquiesce in his wishes, and if you have no objection, I should desire you, Mr. Bruce, to be the agent for this purpose."

"You wish me to go to California?" said Bruce quietly.
"Exactly. Frankly, we have every reason to be pleased with you, and I know none of our young men to whom I should confide this task with so much pleasure."

"I am exceedingly grateful for your good opinion, Mr. Morris, and am quite ready to start at the earliest opportunity."
The merchant seemed much pleased at this prompt decision, and entered at once into fuller details with regard to his mission. He was to journey by land to Mazatlan, thence by a trading schooner to San Francisco Bay, and after settling the affairs of the company, to leave there one Jacob Willis, a plodding old clerk, who was selected to replace the Mexican.

Three days later, Walter Bruce, furnished with credentials, with money, and accompanied by Jacob Willis, took his place in the stage bound for Mexico city. The journey was interesting and delightful, and the young man began his progress with feelings of extreme delight. He was of a romantic and impressionable nature; traveling was with him a passion, and the ground over which he had to travel, though now well known to the reading public, was to him new and full of charms. The splendor of Orizaba peak, the delights of Jalapa, the plains of Perote, Popocatepetl, the grand and sublime scenery of the country in general, its varied phases of soft and fertile nature filled with satisfaction, and created a source of endless reflection for the future, and then Mexico city and its wondrous and vast valley, its lakes and hills, its curious manners and primitive people, were all ever-renewed subjects of observation. But he stayed not by the way.—His orders were to proceed with the utmost rapidity. His companion and himself were well armed, for they had to go through the robber region, itself a fertile source of excitement; but at last dangers and difficulties were past and they arrived at Mazatlan, glad to rest their weary limbs in the habitable house of Mr. Reiter, the agent of that part, one of the most picturesque on the Pacific, and reminded one of the East and Spain, with its cream-colored houses its heavy-arched entrances and cool courts within, its massive cornices and large balconied windows.

Walter Bruce took a few days to rest and refresh himself after his journey, the more readily that the schooner which was to convey him to San Francisco Bay was not yet quite loaded with its varied freight. Besides, it was necessary that Jacob Willis should receive some insight into the nature of the constant transactions which took place between Mazatlan and the agent in California. At length, however, all was ready, and the young man and his old associate went on the schooner, bound for California. The journey presented the usual varieties, but nothing worthy of particular notice; and at the end of a somewhat wearisome voyage, during which the young man rather astonished the skipper and crew by his nautical experience, they entered the magnificent bay of California, and anchored a short distance from the land.

This is not the place to enter into any minute description of localities. My friend had little to do on the coast. The counter managed by the old Mexican, was up the country, and thither he immediately prepared to journey.—The distance was not great, but it had to be performed on horseback, with an Indian for a guide, while a train of mules were to take up the supply of goods which were to replenish the store. Bruce made his preparations with the utmost rapidity. During his long journey his curiosity had become much excited, and he was anxious to see the man about whom Mr. Morris had told him enough to let him see that he was an original and singular character.

It was a fine summer morning in autumn when Walter Bruce, by his little caravan started towards the foot hills of the Sierra Nevada, where was situated the little settlement of Pablo Bitters, the name of the Mexican in question. The weather without being very warm was dry and pleasant; and as the Indian guide knew the road well, the way presented little difficulty. The first night the tent was pitched in a grove of evergreen oaks, which formed an agreeable shelter. Walter Bruce, after supper got into conversation with the Indian, who was communicative and well informed. At length he asked him questions about Pablo. The Indian looked uneasily around as if he feared to be overheard and then muttered a few words scarcely intelligible.

"You know him?" said Walter, with some anxiety.
"Yes, Pablo medicine man—great mystery—not much good talk about him."
"Indeed! I am very anxious to know him?"
"Him Gold man, he know all the secrets of the hill—rich, like ten chiefs."
"Gold man!" cried Walter, still more excited "who gave him that name?"
"Indian. While man laugh, but Indian know hills full of gold—no use to poor Indian, but white man gold; and Pablo know all about it."

"Has Pablo found any gold, then?"
"He no want gold. He medicine man—live without work—live without money."
"He seems to be regular California magician," mused Walter, but this idea of the Indian's absurd. A man who has discovered gold would not have remained up here to quail. I suppose the eccentric old fellow has frightened the Indians for fear of their proving troublesome.

"Does he live alone?" asked he, once more addressing the guide.
"He got plenty servants, and one girl bright as sun and moon, two eyes like stars—great beauty!"
"Ah, ah!" cried Walter "this doubtless is the precious deposit of which he speaks, and which I shall have to escort back to Vera Cruz."

And speculating on the agreeable prospect of having female society during his journey, he soon fell asleep.

For several days the march was continued through a country of varied character, until at last, about 12 o'clock one morning, the caravan reached the mouth of a secluded and picturesque valley, through which rushed a small stream, that about a mile off was blended with the waters of a large river.

Walter Bruce dashed eagerly forward. A narrow ledge of land lay between the river and a huge precipitous rock, and on this the house inhabited by Pablo was situated. As Walter came in sight, a young girl who had been standing at the threshold of the door of the principal block, hurried in, and very soon returned with a man.

The man was about sixty, with a thin, hard, wrinkled face, small, gray, piercing eyes, a heavy white beard, growing almost all over his face, and withal a worn and suffering air, which was sufficiently painful. A look of suspicion, too, hung over every feature, but Walter Bruce scarcely noticed him, so taken was he by the charms of the young girl beside him. She was a dark-eyed Mexican, of about sixteen years of age, with long curling hair, a mouth which would have delighted a Phidias or a Raphael, teeth white as snow, and a graceful and elegant form, which the young man thought he had never seen equalled. She wore the picturesque costume of a Mexican woman of the middle classes, in strong contrast to the coarse dusky, and common habiliments of the man beside her.

"Welcome, stranger," said the man in a feeble voice. "What brings you into these remote parts?"

"I come from Messrs. Morris and Franklin, of Vera Cruz," replied Bruce, "and bid you precede my caravan by a few hundred yards."

"Enter," said the old man, with considerable animation, a ray of pleasure illuminating his features. "Guadalupe, go bid Maria prepare a repast."

The young girl moved towards the distant huts, and Walter followed Pablo into the outer apartment of the house. It was a large and almost naked room, which usually contained the goods that formed the matter of barter with the traders of the district. The two men sat down by a huge German stove, that served to diffuse warmth through the warehouse, and Walter at once handed his letters to the agent. The old man took them, put on his spectacles, and read them carefully. Every now and then he raised his looks from the papers, as if to muse on their contents, but in reality to scrutinize with a cautious eye their bearer.

"You are warmly recommended by Messrs. Morris and Franklin," said he, presently, speaking pure English. "Have you been long in their employment?"

"Three months when I left Vera Cruz."

"Three months—short time to learn a man's character."

"Messrs. Morris and Franklin have thought it quite sufficient to give me their confidence," observed Walter a little haughtily.
"Don't be hasty young man," said Pablo, gravely. "I do not but you are deserving of their regard, but I have been used to the world, and have been made perhaps over suspicious by circumstances."

"At the present moment, that in any transaction, I have the full approval of my employer, I suppose that relieves you from all responsibility."

"Certainly—certainly—as far as their business is concerned—but here comes the caravan, and breakfast. We can resume our conversation in the evening."

When breakfast was over, Pablo retired to an inner room to study his letters, and to prepare instructions for Jacob Willis his successor. He left Walter to the care of Guadalupe. The young people were at an age when acquaintances are rapidly made. The girl had never before been thrown into the society of an educated man, while Walter had rarely been placed in a position since the commencement of his adventurous career, to study so closely the female character. Influenced by the excitement of his journey, Walter Bruce was before evening deeply in love; while, had the young girl questioned her own heart, it is probable she might have made a similar discovery.

After dinner Pablo expressed a wish to be alone with his daughter and Walter. He was very pale and excited, and when he took them into an inner department, sunk on a chair under the excess of his emotion.

"Mr. Bruce," said he, gravely, after a short pause. "I am compelled to be abrupt and brief. My daughter has been hitherto in the dark as to the cause of my sending to Messrs. Morris and Franklin. I am devoted by an internal disease and have not many days to live."

"Father!" cried the girl.
"Silence, child, and listen. Remain up here you cannot, and this is why I begged my employers to send a trustworthy person to me. Mr. Bruce, I have examined carefully the letters sent me and they satisfy me completely. I begged them to send me a young man, if possible, free from all ties of affection. There is no time for delicacy of feeling or hesitation. Do you think it probable, after one day's acquaintance, that you could be happy with my daughter for your wife?"

"Sir," cried Walter Bruce warmly "I have this day learned to believe in those sudden passions which carry away in an instant beyond all the calculations of reason. I love your daughter."

"This is better than I expected. And now young man, close that door, and listen to me. Are you willing to take her portionless and without fortune?"
"I am young, in health, and able to work," said Walter Bruce, who was vainly endeavoring to catch the eyes of the blushing and puzzled beauty.

"Enough, Walter Bruce; you see before you the richest heiress in America. Surrounded by her children, I had hoped myself to enjoy fortune and its favors. But I have waited too long and I shall never leave this place. Young man, in this country you tread on gold as you walk. The whole land is one mass of mineral riches,

But I alone know it. For twenty years I have toiled in secret, at first for myself, then for my child. The knowledge of what laid around me made me greedy, and the more I collected the more I wanted. Come."

The old man, whose eyes flashed with an unearthly glare, seized the lamp from off the table, took a key from his breast, and bade them follow. He went a few yards down a passage, and then opened a thick door. He entered with the young couple, who had, by one stealthy pressure of the hand, ratified the whole contract. They were in a vast natural cavity.—The chamber in which they stood was twenty feet high, and as many wide, while across its center ran a little stream, which fell into a hole in the floor, and joined the stream below. The floor was of stone, and the walls of the cave alluded to.

"Son and daughter," said the old man holding up his lamp, "you are in a mine. Above, below, around, every where is gold. It is the same all over the country, but in no place is the mineral more abundant than in this vast cave. For twenty years have I ventured alone, during the long hours of the night, and behold the produce of my toil."

He pointed towards a pile of small barrels occupying one corner of a cave.

"And is all that gold?" cried Walter Bruce, almost breathless.

"All gold. Truly, the Indian's are right, though they never suspected the truth, I am the 'Gold man.' It is gold, and the fortune of Guadalupe. Young man you receive from me the secret deposit of an old man's only child; swear to me, here in this place of battle, to be a good and kind husband, and a faithful protector."

"But, sir—it is not possible—your daughter, rich and wealthy and beautiful, may wish to find her equal."

"She knows not the value of her wealth.—But, Guadalupe, speak. Wilt thou take this young man for thy husband, to be thy friend and companion when I am gone?"

"Father, talk not thus," said the girl passionately. "I never saw one I liked so much before, but I cannot hear you talk of death."

"Walter Bruce you hear, she is yours; but let us come away from this. I have much to tell you yet, and much to arrange."

That evening the Gold Man told his story—the narrative of his wild adventure in California—of his discovery of the precious metal—of his long and arduous labors, and of their successful termination. He had been ill for more than three months, but had kept this secret from his child. Alarmed at his expected death and the difficult position of his daughter, he had partially hinted of his riches to his employers, and had begged them to send him some one to whom he could, without hesitation, give his daughter.

Walter Bruce went to bed that night, but to sleep he was half mad with excitement and joy. He rose fevered and excited, and to find his waking vision still real. The next few days were spent in making preparations for their departure. Old Pablo vanquished by the earnest prayers of the young couple, consented to travel and try the power of medicine. A week later the counter was given up to Jacob Willis, and the caravan set out for its return voyage. A few days later they reached the schooner, and on the third Sunday after their departure from the dry diggings, Walter and Guadalupe were united in marriage by the joint efforts of the American consul and a Mexican priest. Old Pablo did not survive their union ten days, his disease had grown too powerful, and he was buried, contrary to his expectations, far away from his long cherished home.

Walter and his wife made the best of their way to Vera Cruz, and thence to New York.—Guadalupe grieved bitterly for the death of her kind old father, and her husband found it necessary to travel constantly to occupy her mind. He invested his vast wealth in good securities, and after a long peregrination through the United States, took ship for Europe. Both himself and his wife took a strong liking to Paris, and most Americans, and thus it was I met them. They now make it their headquarters, being not disposed to travel since the birth of Master Pablo Walter Bruce, which occurred about six weeks back. My friend had intended making public his discovery in California, but scarcely had he arrived at New York, when the rumor reached his ears that California was a gold country, a fact which none perhaps ever had better cause to know than the heir of "the Gold Man."

PREMATURE DISCHARGE OF A CANNON—Two Men Horribly Mangled.—On the receipt of the news by telegraph on Saturday evening last, that General Pierce was the nominee of the Democratic party for the Presidency, his political friends brought out the cannon in honor of the result. In preparing it for the fourth round, it discharged prematurely, taking off both the arms of James Cornahan, above the elbow—and one of the arms of Ephraim Lashley—breast mutilated—head bruised, and both eyes probably destroyed. Hopes are entertained of his recovery. The unfortunate men were engaged in loading at the time—the ramrod during the execution. Others close by were stunned and knocked down.—*Staten Island Herald.*

A REKENT AND AN OMEN.—In digging the holes for posts of the staging from which Kosuth was to address the citizens of Buffalo, a 12-pound cannon ball was dug up from a depth of about 25 feet. It had the unmistakable marks of British manufacture, and was undoubtedly fired from Canada during the war of 1812. So say the Buffalo papers.

YOU SEEM ANIMATED BY THIS FINE SCENE, my dear Anna.—said a lover—"No," said she, "I never shall be Annie-nated till I am your wife, dearest." And he gave her such a kiss that Jeannina vowed she thought somebody had hit against our street-door with a life preserver; it made such a noise.

The ancient cooks carried their art to the most whimsical perfection. They were able to serve up a whole pig, boiled on one side and roasted on the other.

THE MIGRATION OF THE ROMANOFFS.—They used to believe that comets, as they drew near the earth, produced various mischievous phenomena of an atmospheric kind. They made beasts folky ill, and ill folks well; and were held as influential in the changes of the moon. A tolerable fair representative of a comet in a terrestrial and political way, is the Czar of Russia. His movements, within or without their proper orbit, are apt to be examined with telescopic eyes. His probable policy, in any given event, is speculated upon sagaciously. He is the great senorior of Europe; there is no pang inflicted on the body politic any where on the continent, that is not recognized acutely at St. Petersburg. In fact, several attributes of Deity are commonly ascribed to the Emperor, along with others, of the Satanic sort. He is omnipotent, omnipresent, and diabolically malignant. His prodigious faculties are uniformly devoted to evil objects. He treats about among trembling satellites, seeking which he may devour. His progresses are momentous affairs; they disorder half the wits of Europe with conjectures, and afford them no satisfaction for their pains.

For the last three months, the whole tribe of Romanoff has been running off to most unexpected quarters of the globe. One, to wit: the Duke of Leuchtenberg, overruns Egypt and Syria. We need hardly say that Constantinople lays in this route. Two archdukes have been scouring Italy, pausing at Naples, Rome, Florence and Venice. The Emperor in person is at Vienna, and all Austria of the bureaucratic class does homage to him. The Empress has dropped in upon her royal brother of Prussia, making a formal detour through Germany. At London, a side limb of the family has just got himself snugly booked for the Danish succession. Altogether, they have a good time of it.

But how do the others fare, the regions on which these Scandinavian descents are made? Quite as well as could be expected. His royal brutality, the King of Naples, gives an extra twist to the wheel upon which the spirit of Neapolitans has been broken. The Jesuits procure further concessions and a firmer footing. The day of emancipation is put afar off. Extraordinary precautions are taken against the exhortation of French, and the subversion of Bourbon influence. The friends of the forsworn constitution, and the secret well-wishes of Lucien Murat, are equally put at fault and chagrined. The night of despotism is reduced to Arctic length and gloom.

Rome, too, feels the polar influences. The heads of the Greek and Latin churches have never been so prodigal of mutual courtesies before. The Arch Dukes were feted and treated as became the representatives of an Emperor. To mark their visit as an era, the first and wealthiest of Russian nobility brought a magnificent gem all the way from Siberia, as a gift to his Holiness. There is a growing confidence in Russia on the part of the Papal Court; and a corresponding coolness towards France. There are some who think that a fear of the President's designs upon the temporalities, induces the Pope to strengthen himself by an alliance with the Czar. Others, more sanguine, suppose that a re-union of the two churches is at last seriously contemplated; and point to the various movements of the Emperor, in the way of endorsing Roman Catholic churches, and like, as tolerably reliable tokens of his disposition. Certainly, the relations between Rome and St. Petersburg were never so cordial as now, nor the obstacles to the union more practicable. With Pio Nino for the Pope, and Nicholas for the protector of the consolidated Church, it might easily renew its youth.

At Florence, the approach of the Russian has been extremely wiry. The Grand Duke, they do say, has gone mad. The story was about by daylight in the streets, that his Ducal intellect was overthrown by a trick of designing people around him, who got up a bold masquerade and played themselves off for ghastly monitors, requiring by every lawful sanction abolition of the Leopoldine laws, and the Constitution of 1848. However this may be, and whether madness or increase of courage in consequence of the vicinity of the arch despot, are at the bottom of the measure, all the legislation that Tuscany has had these three score years that was not execrable, has been swept away, and replaced by an unqualified tyranny. If the Duke be not mad, he is undeniably feeble; the tool of religious fanatics. The recent act leaves Sardinia solitary in its enjoyment of a constitutional regime.

The late exhibitions of rigor in Austria are doubtless owing to the same influences. The restorative measures of the Prussian King are unquestionably so. The progress of the great Muscovite seems to carry with it the progress of his doctrines. His presence excites renovated zeal in the holy cause of conservatism. The latent Republican sniffs in the air that the Czar is about. He reads it in decrees, where not a word of the kind is expressed. He experiences it in revoked concessions and abridged privileges. It turns to be a part of the welcome to the Czar, to burn up constitutions, and guarantees and obligations, as a fitting holocaust. Such is the influence of a shrewd diplomacy, and the impression of indefinite resources upon the general mind, and so far has Europe fled from the positive pole of republicanism and become Cossack.—*N. Y. Times.*

STRANGER INCONVENIENT.—There are many men, and women, too, for that matter, who would handle a watch worth \$25 with the utmost care, for fear of damaging its mechanism, while they would not hesitate to lay rough hands upon the feelings of others, worth twenty-five years of happiness. Many a man there is who would turn to let the reptile live, who would not scruple to set his foot upon a human heart and crush it! Many a lady who would deem it a sin to ruffle a lace cap, is not slow to rend the most beautiful network of the human heart!

GOLD RECEIPTS AT THE MINT AND EXPORTS.—The amount of gold receipts at the Philadelphia mint during the month of May, was \$4,300,000. The exports for the same month were \$1,357,000, leaving an excess of receipts of \$2,943,000.